

Sedalia Evening Democrat.

NEW SERIES.

TERRIBLE WRECK.

TWO TRAINS COME TOGETHER IN THE FOG.

Fifteen People Killed on the Wabash Near Hannibal This Morning.

HANNIBAL, Jan. 5.—A most disastrous wreck occurred at Aladdin, near here at 1:40 this morning.

Fifteen people were killed.

Both engineers were buried under the wreck.

By some fatal mistake the trains were not properly directed, and in the dense fog they came together with the terrible result stated.

Both were passenger trains.

Another Account.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Jan. 5.—East and west bound canon ball trains on the Wabash road collided near Hannibal this morning. Both engines were completely wrecked and both engineers were instantly killed. The train took fire and both smokers and baggage cars and one chair car were consumed.

John Conswell fireman on the east bound train was seriously injured, and the fireman on the other train cannot live.

Four Italian emigrants were killed and eight other passengers were injured but none fatally so far as known.

A QUEER SETTLEMENT.

A Wife Sues for a Divorce and Sets the Case.

CARIO, Ill., Jan. 5.—W. P. Halliday, Sr., a millionaire banker of this city, to-day agreed with his wife to a separation. She had sued her husband in Chicago for a divorce, alleging cruelty to herself and daughter. By the settlement of the case they agree to a formal separation, she to receive \$9,000 a year alimony.

The lady now resides in Memphis. By the terms of the agreement they can live together again whenever they may so desire.

THE HOUSE MEETS.

Springer Elected by Acclamation as Speaker Pro Tem.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The house this morning was called to order by Clerk in absence of Speaker Crisp, who is still too ill to leave his house.

Resolution offered by Mr. Springer for election of McMillan as speaker pro tem was adopted by acclamation. Catchings from committee on rules presented resolution prescribing order of to-days business in house. Long discussion ensued regarding provision of resolution that no private bills introduced to-day be printed.

Satisfactory amendment was made and the resolution was finally adopted. Large numbers of reports from the heads of the executive departments was laid before the house as well as several documents from the President, among the latter being one regarding the Russian famine, which suggested to the congress that the Secretary of Navy be authorized to charter suitable vessel for the transportation of flour offered by northwestern millers.

Senate Proceedings.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 5.—Senate met and organized at 11:30 to-day. Lieutenant Governor Sheehan presided. Republican members made no opposition when the clerk called the roll. All members were present except Sexton. All democratic nominees were elected.

Senator Edwards voting with democrats. The assembly met at 11 o'clock and members were sworn in by Secretary of State Rice. Governor Flower's message was then read, its chief feature of interest outside the state being its advocacy of reapportionment of state and the repeal of that provision of electrocution law forbidding representatives of newspapers from being present at executions.

Jumped a Switch.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 5.—As the last New Albany train of the Kentucky and Indiana Bridge Co., was backing off the bridge into the yard at 12:17 o'clock this morning, the rear car then in front jumped a switch at 30th and High Avenues and went over a trestle 40 feet high. Conductor Frank Mahan was crushed to death and Brakeman William Patton was seriously injured. There were no passengers on the train.

Appointment to be Made.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Edmond Yate's London cable to the Tribune.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI, TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1892.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

THE CITY'S MORALS.

THE LADIES OF SEDALIA PRESENTED A BIG PETITION.

The Council to Aid the Charity Hospital--Annual Fire Report.

The city council met last night with Mayor Stevens in the chair.

Councilmen present: Carroll, Lamy, Honkomp, Dugan, Bosselman, Wigton and Hutchinson.

On motion of Mr. Lamy, a bill of \$107 in favor of Chas. S. Williams, for acting assistant city collector, was allowed. This is a saving of \$47 over last year.

Ira Hinsdale presented a bid to curb Second street for sixty-five cents per lineal foot and was awarded the contract on motion of Mr. Carroll. It is understood that Mr. Hinsdale is willing to put down granite sidewalks in any part of the city and take tax bills for same.

At the last meeting of the council Attorney Cashman was instructed to draw up an ordinance for a sidewalk on Main street to Grand avenue, commencing at the east end with Washington avenue on the north side and Mill street on the south. The petition of the property holders differed from the council's order, in that it named Mill street as the beginning on both sides of the street. The petition was referred back to the signers for revision.

The case of Hayde Bros., who forfeited a deposit of \$200 by failing to accept a contract, was the source of much discussion. Mr. Dugan thought that as these gentlemen had saved the city almost \$1,000 by compelling the present contractor to come under their figures, the city would do well to refund the \$200, minus the costs already accrued in litigation. The case was ordered prosecuted, however, by a vote of five yeas and three nays.

On motion of Mr. Carroll, the chairman of the building committee was ordered to have Kreck and Dickman furnish an eight foot table for the newspaper reporters.

Mr. Honkomp presented an appeal from Henry Cunrade, the flagman recently run over by the cars at the brick office, and now has both arms off and but one leg. A warrant was ordered drawn to pay his city taxes.

Henry Willis, chief of fire department, made his annual report, which showed a total of 70 fire alarms. Of these, 20 were false, water used at 50, 6 started from gasoline, 49 from defective flues, 15 unknown. The loss was \$9,920 and the buildings covered by \$500,50 insurance.

The chairman of the fire department was instructed, on motion of Mr. Wieman, to learn the cost of 1,000 feet of hose.

The collections for December amounted to almost \$30,000; more than any other month in the history of the city.

Where all sidewalks for which ordinances have been passed remain unbuilt, on motion of Mr. Corroll, the street and alley committee was instructed to advertise for bids and build the walks. This means a lively time for property owners.

The following petition, signed by 137 ladies, was presented to the mayor and council:

To the Honorable Mayor and City Council,

From reading the proceedings of the police court and various other ways, we are convinced that there are many places in this city used for the purpose of prostitution, and every vice connected with such resorts, whose contaminating influences are borne on every breeze. Is it not a curse on our fair "Queen City," that such places are permitted to exist? Does it not depreciate in value our stately court house? Does it not detract from the holy influence of our elegant churches? Is it not a blight on our lovely homes, promenades and inviting parks? Is it not a free school of vice, open to our sons and daughters? A hell-trap to young men and women, who come to our city seeking employment, yet have not the security of home influence? Now in the name of all that is good and true, pure and holy, we, as wives and mothers, daughters and sisters, pray your honorable body to take some legal measures to close all such places of sin and vice, where men and women ruin their physical lives, and their souls go down to eternal death, "where the worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched."

The older of the two, May Winters, has been in Sedalia considerably over a year and for a time was house-keeper for a widower in East Sedalia, since married.

The younger, Mollie Burlue, and much the handsomer, lived with her paternal grandfather, Jerome

The mayor expressed himself as ignorant of such places, and stated emphatically that if anyone would file objections with evidence he would see that all such resorts would be closed. Sedalia, comparatively, is a quiet place in this respect and it requires unimpeachable evidence to convict all such offenders. The mayor and council are eager to take this matter up when proper evidence is presented to them.

The city marshall was instructed to notify the property owners on west side of Ingram avenue, between Broadway and Thirteenth, that bids would be advertised for the building of the sidewalk if same was not completed within three weeks.

The mayor arose and stated that the ladies having in charge the building of the charity hospital had solicited the aid of the council to devise some means for an entertainment. Bell Hutchinson suggested that each city officer donate \$2.50 for oysters and have a supper. Mayor Stevens, John Hyatt and Councilmen Hutchinson, Honkomp, Dugan, Wigton, Lamy and Carroll paid their money. Dugan suggested having a big phonograph entertainment. A minstrel was then thought of in which Policeman Jim Gossage would turn a few hand-springs, dance a ballet, John Scally deliver an oration, Murphy eat thirty oysters in thirty minutes and give a few other slight of hand tricks.

The oyster supper is assured and will take place at an early day.

DROWNED.

Two Young Women From Sedalia Meet Their Death near Springfield, Mo.

The following dispatch from Springfield, Mo., gives the details of the terrible death of two young women who recently left this city:

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Jan. 4.—Last Wednesday two young ladies registered at the Follett House in this city as May Morton and Polly Harlow, giving Sedalia as their residence. They were good looking, neatly dressed, and seemed to have plenty of money. The fair visitors said they were enroute to Brighton, Polk county, a post office fifteen miles north of Springfield, to see their grandfather, an old man by the name of Blue. On Thursday the two women hired a buggy of W. N. Vaugh, a liveryman of this place and started on their journey. They reached the home of Mr. Blue that evening and spent the night with the old gentleman. During the night a heavy rain had fallen, and Sac River, a small stream running near Mr. Blue's residence, was rising rapidly, and the girls were warned of the danger of trying to ford the creek. The young women were anxious to get back to Springfield and refused to heed admonition of their relatives. They had the horse hitched to the buggy, bade adieu to their friends and started back to Springfield. This was the last time they were seen alive. Several hours later in the day a horse wet and muddy, dragging after him a buggy, badly wrecked, stopped at a farm house near the Sac River. The condition of the horse and buggy at once excited the fear that some one had been drowned in the stream, and the whole neighborhood was alarmed and went out in search for the missing young ladies. The body of one of the girls was found Saturday evening a half mile down the stream from the ford. Search for the remains of the other victim of the tragedy Sunday morning near the ford where the girls tried to cross. After the inquest the remains of the unfortunate young ladies will be buried near the spot where they met their untimely death, in the country graveyard, where the parents of the two girls were buried years ago.

A DEMOCRAT reporter, upon investigation this morning, found that the right names had not been given at the Follett house in Springfield, and that the women were well-known in the city.

Both were good looking and attractive in appearance and gave the names of May Winters and Mollie Burlue.

For the past three months they have occupied a room over 117 West Main street, next to the wine hall. On September 28th, a young man engaged the room saying it was for his sisters, but it was soon perceived by the company received that they were women of the town.

The older of the two, May Winters, has been in Sedalia considerably over a year and for a time was house-keeper for a widower in East Sedalia, since married.

The younger, Mollie Burlue, and much the handsomer, lived with her paternal grandfather, Jerome

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Sole Agents Garland Stoves and Ranges and Majestic Steel Ranges. The largest stock of

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SEDALIA, MO.

Liquors, Wines, Mineral Water, Cigars, Beer, Retail, 115 West Main St. Whole sale, 112 Osage St. Telephone 130.

Season 1892.

New Stock of

Wall Paper.

We have secured our new stock of Wall Paper and Decorations for the year of 1892 and invite you to call and see it. We can show you fine and larger stock than we ever have in the past. We have the services of Mr. H. D. Case for our Wall Paper department, having had 12 years experience in the largest wall paper houses of the west. Would be pleased to show you the new designs in Wall Paper.

F. H. Eastey,

208 OHIO STREET.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

R. H. Peter, fire-knocker, Denison, with periostitis, and James Morris, section hand, Savanna, I. T., with malaria and cough, were admitted to the hospital to-day.

Try the Empire Steam Laundry once and see if you are not pleased with their work.

Quite an Increase.

A. P. M. Gross has succeeded in adding 270 names to the temperance list since Edward Murphy's departure.

James O'Brien, the leading cigar manufacturer of Central Missouri.

Have your work done by the Empire Steam Laundry.

Misses Maggie Dengoleski and Mamie Hirlinger, two charming young ladies from Boonville, returned home this morning after a pleasant visit with Sedalia friends.

Departed This Morning.

Estimated to-morrow 46,000 hogs.

Left for Topeka.

Mrs. Estella Ewing, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Morehead, for the past week, left this morning for Topeka. Mrs. Ewing made many friends by her pleasant ways and her sweet singing while in the city.

Departed This Morning.

Misses Maggie Dengoleski and Mamie Hirlinger, two charming young ladies from Boonville, returned home this morning after a pleasant visit with Sedalia friends.

Old Papers.

Old papers, tied up in bundles of one hundred each, for sale at ten

Sedalia Democrat.OLD SERIES,
Established 1868.
NEW SERIES,
Inaugurated 1891.Published Daily Except Sunday by the
Sedalia Democrat Comp'y.
A. C. BALDWIN, P. B. STRATTON JR.,
Pres. and Manager. Sec'y and Editor.**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

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Daily, three months, in advance.....1.50

Daily, one month, in advance......65

Weekly edition, one year, in advance..1.00

Weekly edition, six months, in advance,.60

Address all communications on business or
for publication to**THE DEMOCRAT,**
*Sedalia, Mo.*OFFICE: Equitable Building, Fourth and
Lamine streets. Telephone 232.**OUR FAVORITE.****She Reads THE DEMOCRAT.**

"I would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage."—ADDISON.

A WESTERN man for president this A. D. It is time allegiance to Wall street ideas and Wall street men be repudiated.

DON'T for a moment lose sight of the fact that if we expect Sedalia to prosper we must do something to make her prosper.

THE St. Joseph *Gazette* carries the name of John M. Palmer at its masthead as its choice for president. A good name and a good man.

THE weather is not very conducive to the treatment of the gripe, and consequently those suffering from it are slow in their recovery. Good cold weather would do no small good in this direction.

NEBRASKA was badly grasshoppered, and was succored by the kind assistance of other states and people, and now she is evening up matters by donating two hundred thousand pounds of breadstuffs to famine-stricken Russia.

THE DEMOCRAT has outdone its most sanguine expectations in every direction, and has scored a success up to this time in both advertising business and subscriptions, to both daily and weekly, double that counted upon. The people are quick to recognize what they want when it is shown them.

THE Southwest Land and Investment Journal is a new publication dated at Waco, Texas, with J. K. Gwynn and E. B. Parker as editors. The paper is devoted to the interest of the M., K. & T. Railway and the real estate along its line. Mr. Gwynn is a "boomer," and it looks as though he had enlisted the young man of the M., K. & T. in the same industry.

THERE seems to be some disposition to agitate a sentiment looking to the election of congressmen at large. The principal argument in its favor is that the gerrymander may be avoided. There is no doubt that the gerrymander is a great abuse, but it is not so much so as to have congressmen elected at large. See how unjustly this method effects the people in the election of president. The election of congressmen by whole states excludes the majority in some portion of the state of having representation, and completely excludes the minority in any state having representation. The present plan is much more satisfactory than the proposed change would be.

Old papers, ten cents a hundred, at the DEMOCRAT office.

AMUSEMENTS.*Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Without Uncle Tom's Cabin the theatrical world would be a very queer thing. Nothing is better known and nothing draws better. The Lyceum company promises an unusually good entertainment at Wood's to-morrow night.

Dan'l Boone.

Wood's opera house on Friday night will present a most interesting play, illustrating something of frontier life in the olden days. As time adds to our culture, our refinements, our modern conveniences interest increases in the manner in which our forefathers struggled with untamed nature. The play entitled Dan'l Boone is one of the outgrowths of the inclination to perpetuate the brave deeds of frontier life.

Roland Reed.

"Lend me your wife" is one of the late Dion Boucicault happy hits. Reed is deservedly popular, and will draw a big house. He will, moreover, give an entertainment which will be worth witnessing. The company is spoken of in dramatic circles as competent and satisfying.

Uncle Biram.

Next week opens with "Uncle Hiram," a play illustrating native shrewdness at its best. The "villian" business is one of the features, and the entertainment is good all the way through. Aaron Woodhull is the center of the play as a Yankee farmer.

Notes.

Joe Jefferson will play but ten weeks next season. He will revive Rip Van Winkle on an elaborate scale.

Lew Dockstader is winning lots of new laurels. He is introducing many of the old songs of thirty years ago, such as "Nellie Gray," "Down in the Co'n-field," and the like.

Stuart Robson is playing, among other things, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Apropos of the query, the following story is being circulated: "Fadder, vat vas all dis in de bapers aboud marriage vas a failure? Vas marriage trooly a failure, fadder?" "Vell, I dell you," said the father impressively; "uff you marry a real, real rich womans, marriage vas sometimes as goot as a failure."

W. J. Scanlan, the well known Irish comedian, is a mental and physical wreck. Like McCullough, Bartley Campbell and others, overwork and too much indulgence in stimulants, instead of healthful rest, proved his downfall. Scanlan was very bright, and has been before the people with increasing success since he was fourteen years of age. He made a tour with Minnie Palmer at one time in "The Boarding School," and was for a time with Bartley Campbell. Scanlan is but 34 years of age and is married, his wife having formerly been known as Maggie Jordan. It was she who saved murderer Sharkey from the scaffold by assisting him to escape from the Tombs while under sentence of death. She fled with him to Cuba and thence to Spain, but because of his growing cruelties Miss Jordan was compelled to abandon him. She came back to America and in 1877 was married to Scanlan. Sharkey died in exile.

Her Choice.

From the New Orleans Picayune. A lady says when she goes shopping she likes to visit stores that do not advertise. The clerks are never busy and can show her all their goods while she is making up her mind what to buy in the advertised stores where the big crowds, big bargains at one price are to be found.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Frank Landmann, John W. Hartshorn and Fred H. Wilson, under firm name of Landmann, Hartshorn & Wilson, for the purpose of carrying on the Abstract, Real Estate, Insurance and Rental business, is dissolved, Fred H. Wilson retiring. The firm hereafter will be Landmann & Hartshorn. All accounts due old firm to be paid them and they assume all the outstanding indebtedness of the old firm.

Landmann & Hartshorn.

The stewards, trustees and building committee of the Methodist church, South, are urgently requested to be at prayer meeting to-morrow night to attend a short but important business meeting immediately after the religious service.

Official Meeting.

The steward, trustees and building committee of the Methodist church, South, are urgently requested to be at prayer meeting to-morrow night to attend a short but important business meeting immediately after the religious service.

James O'Brien, the leading cigar manufacturer of Central Missouri.

Old Papers.

Old papers, tied up in bundles of one hundred each, for sale at ten cents a bundle at the DEMOCRAT office.

*To Harris for farmers' coal—the best in two states. Tel. 115.***GOOD ROADS.***Some Reasons Why They Should Be Constructed.*

From the St. Joseph News.

It is really astonishing when we come to reflect upon it how indifferent and neglectful the country has been in regard to her public roads. While we have seen railroads from crude beginnings improve from year to year, until now they are so perfect that passenger trains fly over them with safety at a lightning speed, and freight trains move with corresponding velocity, and while we have spent hundreds of millions in improving our railways, the public highways have been, until very recently, almost entirely overlooked. And these, too, the most important of all our thoroughfares, the most essential to the growth and prosperity, material and moral, of the great farming community and the rustic population.

The question has so many phases and is so varied in character that it is possible to speak only very generally in a newspaper article. We shall confine our remarks to the great economy of good roads. While we have no data for estimating the cost in dollars and cents of maintaining our present roads, the benefit of good macadamized roads can be so presented as to enable any one to see it.

The most trustworthy experiments furnish the following as an approximate result: That a horse can draw on a macadamized road about three times as much as on a common dirt road. Therefore, if it cost a farmer \$3 a load to haul his wheat to market over a common road, over a macadamized road he could haul it for \$1. He would be able to haul three times as much at a load or market three loads in the time of one, in either case effecting a saving of \$2 per load. This, supposing the load to be fifty bushels, is four cents per bushel added to the price of the wheat. Or to put it in another way, if it costs a farmer \$1 to haul a hundred bushels of wheat one mile on dirt roads, and by macadamizing the roads this cost can be reduced to thirty cents per mile, the price of wheat is raised accordingly. One mile saves seventy cents, ten miles save \$7 or seven cents per bushel. There are a dozen other ways in which a saving is made. If one horse can do the work of three on a macadam road, the farmer can dispense with one, at least, of the three, thus saving the original cost and the keeping of one horse. He saves also two-thirds of his time in hauling his produce to market. He can consequently do more work, cultivate more land and raise more wheat and corn. This saving of time extends to the whole family when they visit the town. He saves on his wagons. They do not wear out nearly so fast, for they are not subject to the same wear and tear. This is also true of his harness and his horses. These will last two or three times as long and be more serviceable. He saves moreover in this indirect way; that he can haul his wheat to market whenever he has the time or whenever he wishes to take advantage of a rise in the price. And he can put his whole crop in market in a third of the usual time.

He is benefited, too, in the increased value of his farm, which must necessarily result from the fine roads that pass by it, and the greater comparative nearness to market. He is brought nearer to town, to churches, lectures, libraries, concerts, operas, etc., which is a great desideratum to the farmers' wives and children, if not to himself.

It will promote sociability, for it greatly lessens the distance which separates families in the country, and will enable those living miles apart to visit each other often and in comfort.

On all these accounts, good roads will be very helpful in keeping the boys on the farm. This alone should influence the farmer to use his utmost endeavors to make the roads as perfect as possible. There is a moral influence, too, which good roads exert that should not be overlooked. It is, indeed, one of prime importance. We are all more or less familiar with the annoyance, the irritation, the irrepressible impatience which are caused when a loaded wagon is stalled in a mud hole. A good Christian man has his religious principles severely tested on such occasions. If he didn't swear audibly, he thinks some very wicked thoughts no doubt, and others don't hesitate to relieve themselves by a stream of fiery expletives that fairly color the atmosphere.

How shocked the wife is sometimes if she happens to be present to hear her husband, whom she had supposed to be most scrupulously correct in his language "swear like a trooper." With good roads all temptations of this kind are removed, and many a man might go through life a paragon of morality in his speech if he lived on a macadamized road, who now is notorious for his bad language.

The

Sedalia Democrat.

Evening and Weekly.

EVERYTHING NEW.**New Type,****New Presses,****New Motor,****New Methods.****THE NEWS**

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NO BETTER PAPER**IN CENTRAL MISSOURI.****BRIGHT,****NEAT,****CLEAN,****PURE****AND ALWAYS****DEMOCRATIC.****WEEKLY. \$1. A YEAR.**

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5.

The Lyceum Mammoth

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.

The oldest, largest, wealthiest and best equipped company now on the road. A carload of special scenery and stage equipment. Brass band and complete orchestra. Blood hounds, goats and tricks donkey, Street parade and free band concert. The sweetest little Eva, the funniest Marks and Topsy. The finest specialties.

Wood's Opera House,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8.

The big dramatic sensation Peck & Furman's realistic comedy drama, of

early Kentucky life,

DAN'L BOONE.

Twenty-five people, brass band and orchestra, powerful company, beautiful scenery, novel effects, genuine Indians, horses, bear, deer, etc.

Watch for monster street parade at noon

SATURDAY, January 9.

Mr. Roland Reed,

Supported by his perfect Comedy Company, in the New Comedy Success,

"LEND ME YOUR WIFE,"

Arranged for America by Dion Boucicault and Sydney Rosenfeld.

WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE,
One Night Only.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11.

Humor and Pathos.

Laughter and Tears.

AARON H. WOODHULL,

The comedian, in the New England Comedy,

UNCLE HIRAM

Supported by a strong company, including Miss. Troja Griswold, Comedienne and Protagonist Artist.

Every thing new this year. New songs, new dances, new music.

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Dentist,

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ARCHITECT,

and Superintendent of Buildings. Plans and specifications prepared on short notice.

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Home Lumber Co.

OFFICE AND YARDS:

Corner Second and Moniteau Street,

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Dealers in all kinds of lumber, sash, doors, blinds, mouldings, lath, shingles, plaster, lime and cement. Prompt attention given to estimates. If you are going to build let us make you prices. Telephone No. 11.

E. L. LOONEY, Resident Mgr.

Gentry & Offield,

Fine Livery!

Carriages with experienced drivers.

West Fourth Street. Telephone 10.

The West end C. O. D.

COAL and WOOD YARD.

S. B. Cohen, the poor man's friend. Accomodating and reliable at his old stand,

502 West Main St.

Telephone 131. SEDALIA, MO.

POETRY.

Oh, mistress, whom the bards have called their muse,
Thou chaste inspirer of their choicest lay
Design to accept this little gift, I pray,
Unworthy, yet thy grace will not refuse;
Useless, and yet thy largeness still may use
The offering smaller hearts would cast away.
Divided homage poverty must pay:
Its workshop as a temple it must choose,
And work and worship must be mingled there,
The incense blending with the forge's smoke,
And busy hours interspersed with prayer,
And sacrifice and service, in one stroke,
Must slay the victim and the food prepare,
Finding their surplus in a laborer's cloak.
—William Rice Sims in New York World.

ELSIE.

I was practicing medicine at the time in Rotherham, a large struggling town six miles south of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, England, in the heart of the South Yorkshire coal district.

It is a rough class of people with whom a general practitioner generally has to deal in such a district, though there are some very big swells in the neighborhood to be sure. Still, as is always the case in life among the roughest and most uncouth, one sometimes finds a gentle flower.

Such a sweet exception was little Elsie Underhill, to whose bedside I was called professionally on the evening of Nov. 22, 1873. It is a long while ago, and I doubt much if any of the persons connected with the little story I am about to tell (should any of them still be surviving) will remember Dr. Newman. At any rate, not one of those who knew me will be hurt, and the one person against whom I shall have much to say is so mean and contemptible in my opinion that I care little for his.

It was a poor little home I was called to in Church street, where Elsie's parents lived, but very different from the dirty, carelessly kept cottages and small houses in the vicinity. But I am not going to weary you with a description. I was met by the dear, old, kindly faced mother at the door, where, before taking me up stairs to the tiny room where lay her suffering daughter, she told me something of her history.

Elsie was just turned nineteen, but she had already made herself a reputation which was honorable and ennobling. The years before, when just turned sixteen, being a pretty and well developed girl, with more than the average amount of intelligence, she had obtained an engagement at the local theater, where she had appeared in the character of Jeanie Deans in Andrew Halliday's adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Heart of Midlothian." She had attracted a great deal of attention. The local correspondent of a London theatrical paper, The Hornet, then the property of Stephen Fiske, had spoken highly of her, and more than one London manager had visited Rotherham to see her act. There were stock companies in those days.

Among the many young fellows who had become infatuated by her beauty was one Horace Willington, the son of a physician in Sheffield, a very rich man. This young man's attentions were very marked. He obtained an introduction to the young girl's parents, and through them to Elsie. And then he began a serious courtship.

In every way his manner and apparent object were decidedly honorable. Only one thing he omitted—he did not take her to his own home.

In order to be near the man who had completely won her heart, she refused more than one lucrative offer to go to London, where she would have at once been on the high road to fame, and accepted an engagement at the Sheffield Theater Royal, which being close to her own home she could also reach very easily. Here her opportunities were wider than in Rotherham, it is true, and here she succeeded in increasing her already high reputation. She remained in Sheffield two seasons, playing during the summer a series of traveling engagements throughout the northern counties.

Then came a proposal from a great London manager which was so good that she could not afford to neglect it. Her aged mother went with her to the city of smoke and fog, and in September, 1873, she made her debut before a London audience at the Princess' theater. Less than a month later her health entirely gave way and she found it necessary to throw up her engagement and return with her mother to the little home in Rotherham in which she had breathed her earliest breath.

Such a mighty mother told me, then took me up to see her daughter.

Did I say just now that she was suffering? That was hardly the case. She was dying of rapid consumption. She was too weak to suffer much physically, but the broken heart was giving her exquisite torture.

Such a lovely girl I have rarely seen. Brown curling hair swept back from the sweet face and long dark lashes shaded the blue gray eyes that were all intelligence and beauty. She had been wont to fill her audiences with blind enthusiasm.

The little room in which she lay was filled with delicate feminine knickknacks, reminiscences of her favorite roles, souvenirs of her professional friends, all arranged about the room with gentle, thoughtful love by her stricken mother. But most interesting of all was a rather curious thing hanging above her pillow on the bedpost by a narrow blue ribbon. It was something that would attract the attention of the least observant.

Five of the original twelve remain. Their hair has grown very thick and remains without change through the year. Two litters of kittens have been born in successive years, all having very thick hair. The room where they were found was at a temperature of 31 degs.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Was Tired Anyway.

—had been trotting her little feet off waiting upon the elder members of the family, as little children can. At last, weary from slipping down from her chair so often, and out of patience at the demands made upon her, she exclaimed, "Well, I guess I get tired as anybody, if 'tis only a small tired!"—New York Tribune.

"You saw the penny and the ring,

doctor," she said, "and you wondered. Is it not so?"

I confessed that I had felt a little curious to know its history. And here is what the old woman told me:

The old gold ring had belonged to Elsie's great-grandmother. It had once been a thumb ring. Elsie looked upon it as a sort of heirloom, and had carried it with her as a sort of talisman since childhood. One day, after she had known Mr. Willington a few months before they were engaged to be married, the young man had laughingly pulled from his pocket a penny through which some foolish person had bored a hole. Elsie was just about to appear in a new character, so Horace, in fun, remarked, "Then take this penny and keep it for luck; you will never fail in a part so long as you keep it."

Elsie entered into the spirit of the thing and said, "Now, if I could only get my own talisman split I would hang the penny onto it."

"That is easily done," said Horace, as he took the ring in his hand and admired its chasing. "I will take it to Evans, in Sheffield, and have it split."

Accordingly he took the ring, and in a few days returned it with the penny hanging to it. Elsie fastened a ribbon to it and wore it around her neck.

Alas! that ring and that penny were the parallels of the characters of the two persons to whom they had belonged. The one pure gold, refined and chased by a master hand, destined to be broken by the owner of the baser metal which entered the golden heart and broke it in two and left it.

When she went to London Willington followed Elsie, and there, amid the follies and excitements of the great Babylon, he came out in his true colors, a conscienceless, loveless scoundrel. It seems unnatural and untrue that a man could deliberately lay plans, and take years to mature them, for the ruin of a young girl's life. But so it was with Willington and Elsie Underhill.

Plenty of people there are living yet who remember the success of the young actress on the Princess' boards, and who remember with sorrow her sudden departure and death.

Willington succeeded in his designs, then left her, as it was afterward known he had left others, to droop and die or to go from bad to worse. He cared nothing.

Elsie's sensitive nature was too high strung. She could not survive the disgrace, even though it was apparent only to herself. Her heart broke, and in the early weeks of December, when the narrow little Church street and the roofs of the neighboring cottages were covered with snow; when the timid robin had become so tame as to fly to the windows of human habitations for the food of charity; when the world was beginning to prepare its annual festival of "peace and good will toward men," the poor little actress, who was a delicate flower in the midst of a life of nettles and brambles, withered and passed away, to be transplanted in the garden that is kept forever beautiful by those angels whose duty it is to soothe and comfort those poor waifs of humanity who are not strong enough to overcome humanity's blows and buffetts.

What became of Willington? I have never heard of him since. Somewhere, probably, he holds an honored position on earth, for he was rich, and wealth on earth covers innumerable sins, but surely when his time comes to go to that bourn from which no traveler ever returns, he will be met by the dark recording angel with a page not yet blotted out, on which he will be shown.

A Penny suspended from a Pure Gold Ring.—Tracey L. Robinson in New York Recorder.

Machinery and Farming.

In the country the farmer is now supplied with plowing and reaping machines, binders and grain sowers. A man with a team of horses or yoke of oxen did good work once in plowing five acres of soil in two days. Now the three gang or double furrow plow does the same amount of work in one day. The steam plow has in some cases superseded the double plow, and made it possible for one man to do in one day what he formerly did in thirty days, or, in other words, one man plows for thirty.

Once the farmer sowed the seed while walking from side to side across the newly plowed ground; the seed is now placed in a hopper on wheels, a child mounts the box, manages the team, and in one day as great a quantity of seed is scattered over the surface as it formerly required ten men to sow. All the way through, from one end of the farm to the other, machinery has lightened the labor of those who work the farms; planting corn, sowing grain, planting potatoes and gathering the harvest is now done by machinery.—Chicago Herald.

Nature's Power of Adjustment.

There is an interesting collection of cats in the cellars of a cold storage warehouse on Front street. The temperature of these cellars varies from 12 to 36 degs. Fahrenheit, and the rats and mice were so destructive that three years ago twelve cats were caught and placed in them. At first they had to be closely confined, but they soon adapted themselves to their new conditions of cold and darkness, and now seidom venture into the light and warmer air. When brought up they at once attempt to return to their cold quarters.

By these words suspicion was directed toward their utterer, and soon after he was arrested, and in due time was convicted and executed for complicity in the same crime as that for which poor Dennis had already suffered death.—American Notes and Queries.

The Cranes of Ibycus.

The well known story of the cranes of Ibycus is paralleled by one which is told of a hanging which took place at New London, Conn., many years ago. The murderer who was hanged was known to have had an accomplice in his crime, but no hint could be had of the identity of the other guilty party. Just before the execution took place (for it was a public one) a stranger came up hurriedly to the gallows and said to the culprit who was about to be hanged, "Goodby, Dennis; don't blame me."

By these words suspicion was directed toward their utterer, and soon after he was arrested, and in due time was convicted and executed for complicity in the same crime as that for which poor Dennis had already suffered death.—American Notes and Queries.

Dudley's Lucky Find.

According to gossip, Lord Dudley a few weeks before his marriage discovered a quantity of reputed paste diamonds in a neglected corner. Admiring the graceful designs he took them to the jeweler to see what might be made of them. The expert immediately pronounced them real stones of the finest size and water. They had, we are told, been considered and treated as paste from time immemorial, so it was an agreeable surprise. This fairylike story is founded on facts.—Detroit Free Press.

How She Walked.

Susy lived on a farm, and the nearest neighbor was perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. One day she went down to Mrs. S—'s, and chilidlike walked backward all the way. Greatly elated over the difficultfeat, she rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. S—, I walked down here all the way wrong side out!"—New York Tribune.

The Care of a Furnace Fire.

The furnace fire should be shaken down and raked perfectly clear in the morning. A few shovelfuls of coal should be put on and all the drafts opened. The ashes should then be taken up. As soon as the coal begins to burn well and the fire looks clear at the bottom, put in enough coal to come almost to the top of the firepot. Keep the drafts open until all the gas has burned off; then close them, and later, if the fire be too hot, open the cheeks. Except in extremely cold weather this is all the attention that ought to be necessary through the day. The fire must be raked down and fresh coal or cinders put on in the evening, but a small amount of coal will answer for the night, unless the drafts have been open the greater part of the day.

On an extremely cold day it may be necessary to have the drafts open a part of the time and some coal put on at noon.

All the clinkers should be removed when the fire is raked down in the morning. The water pan should be replenished once a day.

If the furnace fire be allowed to burn to a white heat it will be ruined for that day unless more coal be put on a little later. The cold air boxes must admit enough air to drive the hot air through the house.

Heating stoves and open grates are to be managed so far as possible the same as a furnace. With the stove there is no trouble, there being plenty of checks and drafts.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Operas Most Successful in Paris.

TAKEN FOR A MADMAN.

I had just returned from a long trip to the United States and was sitting in my chambers in Broad street, Aberdeen, "smoking the pipe of peace and feeling full of amity to all mankind." It was in the month of November, in the year 1875. I was very glad to get back to the dear old Granite City, for I had not been at home for three years. I was looking forward to resuming all my old friendships and wondering where I should begin. Fate settled the question for me. The double rat-tat-tat of the postman sounded on my front door, and my good old housekeeper, Mrs. Duthil, brought me a letter in a well known handwriting. It was from my next best friend, Alec Disney.

"I have just heard of your arrival, dear old fellow," it read, "and shall be deeply offended if you don't come to see me first. I am in charge of the Inch Lunatic asylum. Things have prospered with me, you see. Work, however, is very slack. I have only some twenty inmates at present, so come out and spend a few days with me, and we'll try to have a good time together. By the way, I have my old Irish servant, Mike Brady, with me still. I have installed him as head warden, and barring an occasional mistake or two he accomplishes his duties in a masterly fashion and looks after my welfare as of yore at the same time. We might put up an old time joke upon him. It would be fun. I will meet you in the gig at Inch station to-morrow evening at 7. Don't fail. You need not reply to this, but just come. Yours as in the old days, Alec."

Of course I wouldn't fail, and it was too late to reply anyway, for here it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and he expected me by 7. The letter of course was written the day before, and "to-morrow" meant today.

Mike Brady was a great, brawny Irishman, devoted to Alec, who had found him a poor, starving waif, had taken him in, fed and clothed him and made him his body servant, valet, secretary and general factotum. The great heart of the Irishman had warmed to his benefactor, and he loved Alec as a dog loves his master. He had grown so with Alec's life that neither could do without the other. Besides, there were two very strong bonds which united these men more closely even than gratitude and affection. They both loved horses and dogs.

When I jumped out of the car at Inch station my dear old chum Disney was waiting for me on the platform. A boy was holding his horse outside. We did not waste a great deal of time over congratulations, for it was a cold, dark night, and we had a drive of five miles to make. We were soon in the cozy old fashioned gig, which all country doctors in Great Britain are so fond of, wrapped up in our rugs, the boy had left the horse's head and we were trotting fast along the frozen country road.

"Now about the joke we are to put up on Mike," I said, when he had gone some distance. "What are we to do?"

Then Alec, the confounded rascal, unfolded a simple little plan. When Mike came down to the door to meet us the doctor would tell him in a quiet tone to show me the house and take me to my room. Mike would never recognize me, for I had grown a healthy beard which completely disguised me, and he would take me for a new patient. The joke would be immense when he discovered his mistake. The scheme seemed a glorious one and I entered into it with avidity.

What a fool I was not to smell a rat. Why, I knew that Alec Disney was the biggest practical joker of our class.

Well, all turned out as we anticipated. Mike came to the door and assisted us out of our wraps and into the grateful warmth of the big hall. He was in no wise altered, but as Alec had said he did not recognize me.

"Mike," said Disney—and I did not notice the wink of his sinister optic as he said it—"take this gentleman over the house first, show him every politeness and then to his room; by that time dinner will be ready. We are hungry. I dare say he may like a bath."

"Yis, sor, I will attend to him," and he did attend to me.

We went all over the building, up one staircase and down another, along corridors, peeping into rooms and visiting the billiard room, recreation hall, reading room, dining hall and everywhere.

I noticed a peculiar action on the part of Mike, but I put it down merely to his ordinary precautionary habits. He closed every door behind us. And he never allowed me to get out of his reach. He also seemed to keep a very careful eye upon my every movement. But this I put down to the habit he had got into from being so long among lunatics.

Then I began to notice another somewhat strange thing. Whenever we met a patient Mike spoke kindly and gently to him, but when we met a warden or nurse Mike seemed to throw out a hint to be more than ordinarily watchful, and I saw two or three times that the keepers took a close look at me, as if sizing me up. I stand nearly six feet and am a fairly strong man, an ugly customer when thoroughly aroused.

Presently I found that Mike and I were not alone. Two of the warders were following us everywhere.

I was getting ravenously hungry and somewhat tired. Our five mile ride had given me an enormous appetite, and I began to think this thing of wandering all over a big house without my host to "personally conduct my tour" was a somewhat strange business, and not quite in accordance with the ancient Scottish rules of hospitality. So I turned to Mike and said:

"Well, don't you think it's about time we found my room? I'd like to get a wash and go down to dinner."

"That's all right," he said. "Yer room's on this floor; ye'll be there in a minute, and maybe I'll help ye wash."

There was a little abruptness in his manner of speech that I did not quite like, and "this floor" was right at the top of the house in the lunatic quarter, right away from the doctor's part of the

building. However, I did not know but that there might be some means of reaching the doctor's apartments by going along the corridor.

"Here you are," said Mike, "No. 15." "But this is a patient's room," I said. "Surely Dr. Disney doesn't intend to put me in here."

"He does, though, and ye'll find yerself entirely comfortable. Ye'll find all ye want and the attention will be perfect."

"But I don't care to stay in this part of the house. If Disney has no better accommodation than this for friend he hasn't met in three years, I'll get out and go back to Aberdeen."

"And I think you'll conclude to stay where ye are," said Mike with a funny little chuckle.

"Come, now, you'd better begin to go down quietly, for that bath is waitin for ye."

It began to dawn upon me that Mike really thought he had got a new patient, and I laughed out loud at the joke.

"Why, Mike," I said, "do you mean to tell me you don't recognize your old friend? You surely are not under the impression that I am a patient."

"Oh, that's all right. I recognize my old friend very well, and I haven't said ye was a patient. Only I'm telling you to hurry out of them clothes and take ye bath."

"It is about time to stop this fooling," I said. "Now let me pass; I want to go down to your master."

"Ye'll find there's no foolin about it now, and I want ye to understand that the master on this flue is called Mike Brady—Mr. Mike Brady, Esq. Now we need not reply to this, but just come. Yours as in the old days, Alec."

Of course I wouldn't fail, and it was too late to reply anyway, for here it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and he expected me by 7. The letter of course was written the day before, and "to-morrow" meant today.

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"Now, Mike," I said, "this joke is about over. Please send one of these men for Dr. Disney, and he will tell you what a mistake you are making. I am his old friend and have come to stay with him as his guest. He will be waiting for me at once. Are ye going to take that bath?"

"I am not."

"Then we'll have to give it to you."

In a moment I was thrown onto the bed on my back, and while the two keepers held me Mike commenced to disrobe me. Then I began to struggle desperately and shout at the top of my voice.

"We'll have to gag ye if ye shout, my friend," said Mike. But I struggled all the more and shouted louder. "There's no one will hear ye, and we'll soon put a stop to that struggling."

He stepped out of the room and returned in a minute with an armful of straps.

They were going to strap me down!

The horror of the moment was almost worse than the agony of the thought that I was in the hands of three ignorant brutes to whom every sane effort I made was a further proof of my insanity. I was becoming weak from exertion and want of food. Then I understood Mike's object in taking me the long walk over the building. He had been tiring me out. Still I kept up my struggles and shouting.

With wonderful rapidity, showing how well and thoroughly Mike had acquired his duties, a strap was thrown across my legs and buckled tight to the bed, and another across my chest holding my arms to my side and almost choking me.

"He'll settle down directly," I heard one of the keepers say, and in truth I had almost exhausted myself.

I began to feel the room swimming around me.

Would help never come?

My throat was parched with terror and my tongue almost clove to the roof of my mouth. I managed to gasp a prayer for "Water! For God's sake, water!" And then I forgot my troubles.

When I came to myself I was lying on a comfortable bed in an elegantly furnished room, with a bright fire burning in it, and Alec—the scamp who had brought all the trouble upon me—was chafing my hands.

Later on in the evening, over a pipe and some hot whisky toddy, brewed in old college fashion by Mike himself, I joined in Abe's laughter and learned how he had come to look for me in the very nick of time to save me from a strait-jacket and to explain to Mike Brady that it was his old college chum and not a new patient that the blundering fellow had mistaken for a madman.—New York Recorder.

IT KNEW NO FEAR.

The Story of a Brief Acquaintance with a Friendly Young Mouse.

We first became acquainted on a rainy night in October. I was sitting at my fire when I heard a faint rustling in some paper that I had dropped beside my chair, and glancing down I saw the bright eyes of a little mouse. I say a little mouse, for this one was so small that it was evidently not fully grown, and, as I soon saw, was not yet afraid of man.

It sat quietly watching me for a full minute, when quietly extending my arm I caught it in my hand. I reached for the plate of cakes at my elbow, crumbled a morsel and put it before my tiny captive. It was trembling a little, but presently, reassured, it began to nibble at the cake, pausing every now and then to glance at me with its bright, dark eyes.

Then, having further refreshed it by a drop of water proffered on a large pen's point, I placed my little prisoner in a temporary stronghold formed of an inkstand, a paperweight and a stamp box, from which it sat watching me without the slightest appearance of uneasiness or desire to escape.

My loneliness cheered even by the presence of this scrap of life, I resumed my writing, pausing every now and then to nod and speak to my guest. It was with real regret that I felt I must release the little creature when my work was finished and it had another feast of cake. I heard the clock's warning that it grew late. With a parting smooth of its satiny skin with my finger, I put it on the floor and watched it steal away under the wainscoting of the room, and saw what had escaped my observation before, that the mouse was lame in one limb.

It was soon over, and the wrong way for Skobelev. The emperor frowned, turned short on his heel and strode abruptly away without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not yet able to exercise from his mind the callings that had blackened to him the character of Skobelev.

That officer, for his part, flushed scarlet, then grew deadly pale and seemed to conquer an impulse as he set his teeth hard and maintained his disciplined immobility. It was a flagrant insult, in the very face of the army, and a gross injustice, but Skobelev endured it in a proud silence that seemed to me very grand, nor did I ever hear him allude to the slur.

The time soon came to that gallant and brilliant soldier when he could afford to be magnanimous. As the campaign progressed he distinguished himself again and again, so that his name became a synonym in the army for splendid daring as well as for opportunity skill.

On Sept. 3 Skobelev, after exploit on exploit, devised and led the storm of the Turkish position in Lofchka, and drove his adversaries out of that strong place. On the following night, at his own dinner table, in the Gorni Staden headquarters, the emperor stood up and bade his guests to honor with him the toast of "Skobelev, the hero of Lofchka!" It is not given to many men to earn a revenge so full and so grand as that.—Archibald Forbes in Nineteenth Century.

People Who Commit Suicide.

A recent suicide was being discussed. "Yes," said one gentleman, "there you see it was a German again. The Germans commit more suicides than any other people on the face of the earth." "That is a mistake," said another, "and it reminds me of the old charge by a French paper that England showed a higher rate of death by self destruction than any other nation. Such a charge is altogether unfounded—just as unfounded as that with regard to Germany.

"As a matter of fact, by statistics gathered some years ago, France was proved to hold first place in the list, and England came a long way below it, and a curious thing about it is that half of the whole number in France belongs to the northern portion of the country. By the statistics to which I have referred, Russia stood lowest of all countries. It was one of the jokes among Frenchmen that the fogs of England were responsible for the great number of suicides. It is a fact that most of those committed in France were committed in the brightest and sunniest portions of the year."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Monster Projectile.

The size of the biggest ball ever fired from a cannon was four feet in length and weighed 2,600 pounds. Such were the dimensions and weight of the enormous projectile fired from the largest cannon yet manufactured at Krupp's works at Essen for the fortifications of Cronstadt. It is made of the finest quality of cast steel and weighs 270,000 pounds (about 135 tons); the caliber is 16 1/4 inches and the barrel 44 feet long, the core having been removed in one piece. The greatest diameter is 6 1/2 feet and the range about twelve miles. It will fire two shots per minute, each estimated to cost £300. At the trial the projectile was propelled by a charge of 700 pounds of powder and penetrated nineteen inches of armor, going 1,312 yards beyond the target.—London Tit-Bits.

What Paul Found.

A young reporter not long ago was sent out by the city editor to report a sermon by Rev. Joseph Twitchell, of the Asylum Avenue Congregational church. He came back and began heroically on his task of writing it. After a few minutes' labor he looked up and, addressing the city editor, said: "This sermon was about Paul, but I've forgotten what he did after his conversion."

"Why, he went up to Damascus," he replied, "and he received the religious editor.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the reporter. "That's it; and he found Damascus sitting outside of his tent."—Hartford Post.

Prize Money for Sailors.

When four frigates captured two Spanish treasure galleons in 1799 the net amount of the dollars in them gave to each captain £40,000, to each lieutenant £5,000; midshipmen received each nearly £800, and sailors and marines nearly £200. In addition to this the value of the whole stores, rigging, etc., fell to be divided.—Good Words.

An authority says: "As a general statement I should say that fully 250,000 people in the United States are insane in some fashion. I have studied this matter a long time, and I am convinced of the truth of this assertion."

Friend—Indeed! And what is that?

Old Lady—She kin tell the time a train is goin to start by lookin at a railway guide.—New York Weekly.

SKOBELEV'S REVENGE.

A Story About How the Russian General Returned the Czar's Insult.

During the Russo-Turkish war, the day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the emperor of Russia crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Sistova, awaiting the coming of the great white czar, stood Dragomiroff, Yolchine and Skobelev—the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt.

Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the emperor embraced and gave him the cross of St. George; he shook hands warmly with Yolchine, the brigade commander, and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cheery little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia. Then the emperor strode to where Skobelev stood, and men watched the little scene with interest, for it was notorious that Skobelev was in disfavor with his sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct of the previous morning.

Would Alexander maintain his umbrella, or would he make it manifest that it had been displaced by Skobelev's heroism? For at least a minute the czar hesitated as the two tall, proud, soldierly men confronted each other. You could trace in his countenance the struggle between disapproval and appreciation.

It was soon over, and the wrong way for Skobelev. The emperor frowned, turned short on his heel and strode abruptly away without a word or a gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not yet able to exercise from his mind the callings that had blackened to him the character of Skobelev.

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Firm Changed.

Yesterday Frank Landmann and John Hartshorn purchased the interest of Fred Wilson in the real estate, abstract, rental and insurance business, and the style of the firm is now Landmann & Hartshorn. The DEMOCRAT extends its best wishes to the new firm.

Beautiful Snow.

Sledding would be the proper thing now if enough people were well of the grippe to indulge in it. Beautiful snow came down steadily all the morning, but is rapidly disappearing.

Mrs. Ingram Better.

Mrs. Ingram, of the Palace hotel, whom the DEMOCRAT reported yesterday as dangerously ill, is slightly improved, and hopes are now entertained of her ultimate recovery.